



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

PATRICIUS SCRIBLERUS, TO THE EDITOR.

"A thing of shreds and patches."

SIR—In these "piping times of peace," men naturally seek out many inventions, for the purpose of keeping the intellectual machine in motion, and of preserving uninjured and un-rusted, its springs, escapements, sunk wheels, patent levers, &c. &c. It is a curious and entertaining employment, to watch the outbreakings of the human mind; its freaks and vagaries; its quiddities and oddities; its collapsements and divergements, and all the ways and means it takes to show what a penetrating, subtile, sinuous sort of a thing it is; and the impossibility of keeping it at rest within its tenement of bones and muscles. Hence Catholic Associations and Catholic Rentes; hence Popish and Protestant gladiators, who exhibit themselves for the amusement of the public; and hence the numberless feats of "ground and lofty tumbling," in the political and religious world, which daily feast our eyes and gladden our contemplations! It is thus that our country is getting rapidly forward in the scale of nations, not indeed in "*silent celerity*," but with all the "pomp and circumstance" of glorious noise and confusion; rising fast to eminence in arts, as it was anciently renowned in arms; and affording a splendid spectacle of uproarious philosophy, peaceful turbulence, obscure enlightenment, and profane piety. In short, Sir,—you have undertaken to conduct a "Literary Journal!"

Your first step in this chivalrous achievement, will no doubt be, to look sharply about you, to pry into every corner, to see, and discover, and find out, where you may pounce upon a genius; a man with a head, not merely like a scupper nail's, but a head that can devise, and think, and plan, and project; not a head like a pumpkin, nor a cabbage head, nor an addle head; but a head "full of wise saws and modern instances," to which, in any difficulty, or case of emergency, you may apply with confidence; and from a *proper* application to which, your Magazine will never be found empty. I wish, Sir, to interest you in this matter; for though you may suppose yourself a second Atlas, (and I am not prepared to deny it,) yet—have you properly and maturely considered the growth and increment of things, since the days of the old African? Have you thought, and reflected, and deliberated on the difference of your respective burdens?—If you have not, then, Sir, I

beg leave to advance it as *my* opinion, that his was a molehill to a mountain—a brick-bat to a hundred of bran, compared with yours; and, therefore, I reiterate the sentiment I expressed before, that wisdom, and a regard for your own character, and a proper and becoming deference for the opinions of society, ought to suggest to you the expediency at least, of procuring a *crutch* as it were, on which you may occasionally rest, when you feel your vigour relaxing, and your strength ready to succumb under the extraordinary load which you have submitted to bear.—Go no farther—seek no more—*homo sum—I am the man.*

Now, Sir, to drop metaphor,—no doubt the number of your correspondents will be great, and their professions and pretensions still greater. But never mind—all mere *Balaam*, as a great and erudite cotemporary says, when he hears any thing in argument he cannot answer. Whigs will declaim; Tories flatter, or attempt to browbeat, as circumstances may serve; prosers will rhyme, and rhymers prose; but tell them the time is past; there are now “new things under the sun,” and “dogs have had their day.”—It is very probable now, that you would like to know who I am. It is rather too soon yet; but at a proper season, and under *certain conditions*, I’ll have no particular objection to let you a little more into my concerns.—In the meantime, I will just hint to you, that if I have any failing attached to mortality, it is that of entertaining too humble an opinion of myself. Yet I may safely affirm, that “either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited,—I am the only man.”

However, lest you might be disposed to set me down among the quizzers and humbuggers gently alluded to above, it is but fair that I should give you a sample, a sop, a taste, a toothful, as it were, of the entertainment you will be able to set before your friends, if, my dear Sir, you *retain me* as your Cook and Butler.

I take it for granted, that Poetry will constitute a principal dish in your bill of fare; I therefore beg leave to ask—Do you delight in darkness, and terrors, and gloom?—Do you revel and riot in all the united horrors of nature and imagination? Well then, now for it—

Loud and deep was the knell of the old castle bell,
And the midnight storm blew hard,
While the Baron all alone, in his chamber floor’d with stone,
Drank red wine thro’ his helmet barred.
The thunders loud did bellow, and the Baron got mellow,
And high swell’d his bosom of pride;
The lightnings blue did flash, and a most tremendous crash
Burst the doors of his chamber wide!

The lamp flickered and flared, and the proud Baron stared,
And tried to make the sign of grace ;
When a spectre tall and thin, came slowly striding in,
And grinn'd, like the devil, in his face.—

—But I respect your feelings, and forbear to harrow them up with an account of what followed.

Perhaps you delight in the luxury of wo ; in a tender tale of distress, told in all the sweet simplicity of the Edwin and Emma style ; soothing the affections, and stealing, as it were, the tears of virtue from the eyes of sensibility.—

“ Och murder, murder, Norah dear ! ”
The love-sick Murtagh said,
“ No more I'll carry hod or spade,
For, blood and turf, I'm dead !

And, by the powers, when I am kilt,
My grimly ghost I'll send
To watch your waters, just becaase
You brought me to this end !

And thro' your key-hole I will glide,
All in a milk-white sheet,
My ghost I mane, and so you'll see
Me standing at your feet.”

Then silent was his tuneful tongue,
And slow his eyes did close ;
But first he turn'd him on his bed,
And next he—blew his nose.—

But away with melancholy. Hang care, and drown crying—grief's no comfort—sorrow's no man's friend,—therefore I'll give you a touch in the true vein of that fine bald-headed old Greek, Anacreon.

Here seated at my blazing fire,
I sweetly tune my frisking lyre ;
My soul for mirth and fun agog,
I tiddle off my can of grog ;—
No more blue devils dare to flout me,
Nor dizzy megrims whiz about me.
I feel the tide rush through my veins ;
It warms my blood, and fires my reins :
Deep in my ruby cheek it glows,
And shines in pimples on my nose ;—
Bonds, debts, and duns, I fear ye not !
Tipstaves, ye scoundrels,—go to pot.—

It is very likely, by this time, you are convinced of the variety and extent of my poetical talents ; and I have no doubt that you'll be ready to exclaim, with a rapture-throbbing heart, (what sublime phraseology !) “ Eureka—I have found him !—Thou art the man.”

But, Sir, don't suppose for a moment that *Poetry* is my “ *ne plus ultra*.”—By no means ; for let me tell you, I'm a

nice hand at a Romance, and have a delicate taste for penning a Novel. By the bye, talking of romances and novels, you have heard, I suppose, of the "Great Unknown."—I don't exactly say, "*ecce homo*,"—but when you are made acquainted with the arcana of my acquirements, and when I show you my treasures, I'll surprise you. Why Sir, I can inform you that I have at your service in this way, (and I like to be as *natural* as possible), an old castle on a mouldering rock, lash'd, or wash'd by the "sounding surge,"—a dark-faced old chieftain armed cap-a-pie,—a young lady confined in a hen-coop,—a "bold dragoon, with his long sword, saddle, and bridle," safely drifted ashore in a porter hogshead ;—a deep draw-well never discovered, and a winding staircase which nobody knows of ;—a smuggling captain ;—an old woman, not unlike "Norna of the fitful head ;"—three dagger scenes ;—a few gypsies ;—a regular blow up, and a most unaccountable, but very satisfactory explanation.—But, Sir, I hate egotism ; however, I could not well say less for myself, and I am not disposed at present to say much more. In the meantime, I congratulate you, the public, and myself :—You, on having found a trustworthy coadjutor ; the public, on the pleasure and profit it will acquire from our combined efforts ; and myself, on finding a proper and suitable vehicle for my learned lucubrations. Yes, your Magazine will be the means of communicating a gratification to the world, which the world little dreams of, and which it might otherwise never have tasted—for you well know

" That many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
And many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

This might have been the case with myself, and I might have lain down a "mute inglorious Milton ;"—but other prospects are opening before me ; the clouds are scattering, and my visions are bright ! In the midst of my most pleasurable anticipations, I will therefore bid you good night ; and am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

PATRICIUS SCRIBLERUS.

I have *heard* that there are such things as "six shillings pieces," "pound notes," and "royal sovereigns" in the world ; I would like to know the *truth* of this.—*Verbum sal.*

P. S.